Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. Who *Mounsier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclimation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Boult. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you have most gaine, to weepe that you live as you doe, makes pitty in your lovers seldome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou saist true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I have bargaind for the joynt.

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we have, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Nature framed this peece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a paragon shee is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giving out her beauty, stirs up the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your wayes, fo

Mar. If fires be hot, knives

Vntide I still my virgin knot

Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. What have wee to

with us.

Enter Cleo

Dion. Why are you fooli

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a

The Sunne and Moone nere lo

Dion. I thinke you'l turne

Cleon. Where I chiefe Lor

give it to undo the deed. Oh

tue, yet a Princesse to equall

the justice of compare. O vill

soned too, if thou hadst drun

becomming well thy face,

Pericles shall demande his ch

Dion. That she is dead. N

nor ever to preserve, she dide

ir, unlesse you play the Innoc

out shee dide by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, wel

vens, the gods doe like this

Dionizia. Be one of those

Tharsus will flie hence, and o

thinke of what a Noble strai

spirit.

Cleon. To such proceedin

added, though not his whole

nourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then,

she came dead, nor none can

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